Off Balance?: Korra, the Majestic Tomboy Quad-Caster, and "Accepting" Domination

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by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Korra, after fighting the devious Kuvira, finds herself in an arena, facing a tough opponent: a tomboyish princess with a tall frame who has control of all four elements, somewhat akin to powers wielded by the Avatar. While she struggles to fully connect with her Avatar powers, seeing a dark shadow of herself, will she be able to win the fight with this woman, or will she succumb to the woman's powerful spells, and end up being dominated by her? You will have to read to find out.

Notes

In some ways, this fic is the *dark* version of my fic "I Won't Let You Dominate Me!: Korra, the Tomboyish Princess, and Steamy Asami" (this is implied in the words "a different timeline"), but is set after Korra loses her fight with Kuvira in the episode “The Battle of Zaofu” because she is haunted by her Avatar spirit. As such, it is listed as an inspiration.

This is also my first-ever fic on this AO3 account, which I created literally to post smut. I may expand into other NSFW topics too. The final sex scene in this fic is about 2,500 words. However, this fic itself is about 5,800 long, so it falls into the Mature category as a result, since that sex scene is *less* than half of the fic itself (half of the fic would be around 2,900 words). I hope that makes sense. Future fics will undoubtedly be more explicit than this one.

Since this is my first smut fic, comments and constructive criticism are welcome, as it would help me write stronger and better smut fics in the future.

As a reminder, this fic does not reflect *actual* BDSM practices (which are supposed to be consensual and safe). I used those practices in this fic for storytelling reasons, but you shouldn't act like Korra or Manaria do, in this fic, in real life. Just thought I'd put that out there.

Update: This fic was cross-posted on Squidge World, Adult Fanfiction (under the name "Korra, the Tomboy Quad-Caster, and Domination"), and on Asianfanfics (you have to say you are over 18 years old to read it).

Update #2: On 11/8/25, the text of this fic was updated from the original, with changes which improved the text. The original text can still be read on Adult Fanfiction and

Asianfanfics. The changes made to this fic were also added to the version posted on Squidge World.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by I Won't Let You Dominate Me!: Korra, the Tomboyish Princess, and Steamy Asami by lefemmerouge2
- Inspired by Chasing You after You Chased Me by MaskedHyena (orphan_account)
- Inspired by A Wilted Branch Still Blooms by alesheepie
- Inspired by A Little Bit Of Something by Ludovicc
- Inspired by My Mind is Here but not with Her by lowlifeprimo
- Inspired by Legend of Korra: Avatar of Domination by JvneBug
- Inspired by 平凡的日子 by LiuBohJung
- Inspired by 吐司上融化的奶油 by LiuBohJung
- Inspired by 甜蜜之刃 by LiuBohJung
- Inspired by (The Master) I am still your Master! by Gun Roswell (GunRoswall)
- Inspired by The Legend of Korra: THE FALLEN AVATAR by LalisaClexaQueens
- Inspired by Korra vs Kuvira: Pit Fight by Blanket_of_Filth
- Inspired by Surrender: Battle Under Zaofu by orphan_account
- Inspired by Secret (shh) by liszy

Kuvira had beaten Korra, since she was off her game. This was after Korra had been haunted by a dark version of her Avatar spirit. She had been trapped inside a rock. Everything seemed lost. She wasn't sure what to do with herself. Nothing could stop Kuvira. She was physically similar to Korra and almost a shadow version of her, a fierce and uncompromising woman in many ways. She wanted to "re-unite" the Earth Empire, as she put it, by conquering Zaofu, cementing her role as a military dictator.

In another universe, and another timeline, she would be rescued at the last second by Opal and Jinora, while Ikki and Meelo assisted her. They would whisk her away on a Sky Bison. In this world, it did not go that way. Korra opened her eyes. She found herself face down in the dirt of an unfamiliar place. She quickly realized one thing: she was in *another fight* with someone else.

Her friends still came down to save her, but they found she had disappeared, which they found odd. They were able to escape, like in the *normal* timeline. However, without her, the world was put into further turmoil. How could they *ever* win against Kuvira, who could expertly use her metalbending powers to fire metal strips during battle, with Korra gone? None of them could think about that now. They had to escape, and quickly, then form a plan on how to resist the Kuvira's onward march.

Korra looked up. She saw a woman whose hair had shades of grayish pink and piercing brownish eyes. "Miss, you won't win against me...I'll be sure to *dominate you*...and make you *mine*!"

This declaration annoyed Korra to no end. She would not put up with it. In a different timeline, she would have faced this woman in a similar battle. Asami Sato, who was her girlfriend, would be accompanying her. In that timeline, she would *win*. That was not the case here. She was alone.

She prepared herself to fight and placed her feet in position, so she could begin the battle. The other woman snickered. She heard the announcer introduce the fight. "Miss Manaria, princess of the Kingdom of Sousse, will be fighting a new challenger today." He then called out to Korra. "What’s your name, Miss? Do you accept this challenge?"

Korra stepped forward and chuckled. Despite being badly beaten by Kuvira, she wouldn't lose again, not today. "I'm Korra and I'm the *damn Avatar.* I'll never back down from a fight, not from the likes of someone like her. I'll wipe the floor clean with her. She'll see. You'll ALL SEE!"

Her words echoed across the arena, surprising onlookers, and even the announcers, at their intensity. Korra slammed her fist into her palm and moved her head from side to side. She was ready, her muscular, brown-skinned arms prepared for a beating. Manaria smiled. She didn't know how this woman, who called herself Korra, got there. Even so, she certainly was willing to face her and *defeat her.*

The announcer declared, "the fight has begun!"

Manaria made her first move. She fired an icicle spear from her wand. Korra expertly dodged it, flipping in the air while releasing some air blasts toward Manaria. She avoided some of them, but others hit her head on, causing her to be pushed back. Clearly, Korra was tougher than she had expected.

With her smug face and greyish silver hair shining in the sunlight, her brownish eyes stared at Korra. She could feel the gaze going right through her. But this didn't stop her. She was only encouraged to keep going and resisting the onslaught. She wouldn't lose and definitely not to this woman.

With her dark brown hair blowing in the breeze, she starred into her opponent's fierce eyes, which felt like they were staring into her soul. Her opponent didn't have Avatar powers. However, she could use all the elements, whether fire, air, water, or earth, as a quad-caster. Korra fired off water and air blasts, turning them a spiky frozen ball, and sending it hurtling toward Manaria.

In the nick of time, she dodged the ice ball, but it nicked her shoulder, ripping her clothes. The tomboyish woman growled. She wasn't cackling and she certainly felt she was stronger than this *upstart*. She stared right at the other woman. On a certain level, she was attracted to Korra. Who wouldn't be? Her magic attacks perturbed her as she rolled her eyes.

"Miss Korra, you won't win this fight. You *can't* win this." She then shouted one word: "spellbreaker!" and aimed her wand at Korra. The spell had the effect of analyzing the structure of magic attacks by an opponent. After that, it would disarm and disrupt that person. Korra was able to stop it and neutralize it, for the most part, but it still affected her body. On some level, perhaps, Manaria had underestimated her. The platinum blonde woman, the acclaimed tomboy and quad-caster, wasn't done. She had one more trick up her sleeve.

Waving her hand as her wand shone brightly, Manaria cackled, declaring "this is the end, Korra. You will regret picking a fight with me." The brown-haired woman was getting even more annoyed. She couldn't understand why this *damn* tomboy was being so bold and was so determined to piss her off. She started to transform into her Avatar form. She had to. She was the *fucking* Avatar. She wouldn't go down without a fight. She put everything into her attack.

She then heard one word: "Dominator." She started to cough, her breathing accelerated, and she put her hand to her mouth. She was able to block some of the effects. Seeing the Dark Avatar did not help things. She couldn't stop it. Blood leaked out of her body and into the arena. It hurt like holy hell. She started to lose control. While some would have lost consciousness right then and there, she wouldn't be that person. She was determined to fight on. Her hair was down in front of her face. She was weak and pained. She wasn't powerful right now, but she was enraged, with her face in the dirt ground.

At that point, Manaria made one final bold move. All the magic in the area was under her control. She had made the magic go berserk. Korra was barely conscious, desperately trying to fight back. Manaria was at the top of her game. Her ultimate weapon was working. Blood kept spurting out of Korra's mouth. Snickering once again, she rapidly bound Korra's hands and legs together, and her mouth, with vines, using her power over plants. She then declared, "you look better bound and gagged. You are *mine* now. And I'll do what *I want* with you." The announcer slammed down the gavel.

"We have a clear winner, Ms. Manaria Sousse! She wins the grand title against Ms. Korra." Barely holding her own, Korra attempted to bend. She could no longer do so because she drifted into unconsciousness. *She had lost*. Manaria had kicked her ass. This wasn't much of a surprise. Simply put, she had overcommitted herself. She'd been haunted by a hallucination of the Dark Avatar at a key moment, like her battle with Kuvira, making her vulnerable. Furthermore, she'd been pressed to the ground by the lethal Dominator spell. Even so, she had still put up a valiant fight.

The audience was ecstatic. They expected that Manaria would win and weren't surprised by the results. They didn't mind that she took away Korra as *her prize*. After all, no one else wanted to cross her after what happened in the arena. They were afraid of her, for various reasons, while respecting her status. Additionally, they remembered her fight with Rae Taylor, who eventually hitched it up with Claire Francois. That was yet another reason to not start a magic battle with her.

Sometime later, she found herself lying on plush bed. The clothes she had worn during the battle had been taken off and sat atop on a nearby table. They looked tattered and torn. Perhaps it had made sense for someone to change her clothes. As she felt around her body, she realized that *someone* had put her into a maid's uniform. It was complete with a frilly dress, stockings, a headpiece, and all the other accouterments. Something else was different. She had a choker around her neck.

Despite these changes, she could fully move around without any issue. There were no restraints on her body. She wasn't tied down. As she got out of bed, she yawned and felt sore all over. She guessed that this had been due to the fight with *that damn woman.* All the while, her hair was down, messy and unkempt. Not long after, she made her way through the massive house and came into the kitchen. A woman with a tall frame was awaiting her and drinking tea like a proper lady.

With a slight smile on her face, the woman began to speak. "It's great to see you are finally up, Miss Korra. We have *a lot* to talk about." The way she said this made Korra shutter. Since she was beat-up and bruised from their match, there was little she could do, for now. Even so, she remained defensive and wary. The first thing she had to do was to assess her surroundings.

"What do you want to talk about, you *tomboy*?" Korra said, with anger and frustration in her voice. Everything was a bit hazy. Her body ached. Manaria cackled and shook her head. Clearly, Korra didn't realize what was happening here. She didn't recognize what this situation was. After taking another sip of her tea, she decided to assert herself. She had to show her who was boss.

"Well, Miss Korra, you were sleeping for three days straight. I brought you to my lovely mansion in Sousse and changed you into new clothes." She then paused, her brownish eyes staring at Korra, putting her squarely into her gaze. She smiled in such a way that it made Korra uncomfortable.

"Don't you remember? I said I was going to *dominate* you, that I would get to do what *I* want with you...have you come to terms with your utter defeat?" Korra growled. It was coming

back to her now. She could tell that this woman was forceful and aggressive enough to achieve her goals no matter what. She had attempted to this with Rae Taylor. At a pivotal moment during the Love Scales competition something shifted. Claire Francois declared that *Rae* belonged to her and no one else, following Rae's display of her love for her. As such, Manaria had lost. She wouldn't let that happen again.

Korra almost regretting asking the woman a question. She declared, "what do you want to do with me, Miss Manaria?" She felt hopeless and frustrated but had to know what she was dealing with. In the meantime, she could work through her internal blocks. They were preventing her from fully healing. For instance, the Dark Avatar kept following her around, always watching and looming over her. That was much more of an issue than any external enemy, even this woman. If only Asami had been there.

"Well," Manaria began, "as *my* prize, I will do whatever I want with you, *whenever* I want. *You lost* our match, don't you forget. As such, you are *my* property, plain and simple." Korra groused at this idea. How could she get out of this situation? She wouldn't accept this. She was a strong woman. If she could fight Kuvira, Toph, and many others, then she could battle her and win, right?

Before she could say anything more, Manaria moved closer. Pulling on her choker, she brought Korra's face within inches of her own. "If you *think* of resisting me, Korra, there will be *consequences*. You are here to serve me in any capacity that I choose." This was something that Korra wouldn't put up with. She wouldn't let this silver-haired tomboy push her around. She spit right in Manaria's face.

Wiping it off with her handkerchief, Manaria snickered. She had expected this sort of display from Korra, after seeing her fight. "You still have so much spark in you. I like that. But don't worry. I'll *break* you. And *you will* submit to me." Those words worried Korra even more. Moving her hands in the air, she suddenly brought them together and clapped. "Bring Miss Korra to her room. I need to prepare for a private session with her." The other servant nodded. "Yes, Miss Sousse, right away."

Korra decided to follow the servant back to the room that had been assigned to her, even though she remained wary. She was steaming angry. She had to get out of the mansion somehow. Her arrival in this world still didn't make much sense. This woman was too much. She was acting so bold that she didn't know how to respond to it, causing her to grow even more frustrated.

She felt tired and fatigued. She wasn't sure how this woman was going to mess with her. Still sore from their battle, a few days prior, she did not know how much she could do to stop this woman's advances. Even so, she could at least try. She was *the Avatar* after all.

Some minutes later, Manaria came into her room. Korra was lying on the bed, unsure what would happen next, and looking at the ceiling, debating her options. Her eyes sparkled with defiance. When the door closed behind her, the woman laughed, almost playfully. Her eyes gazed across Korra's body, from feet to her chest, then to her head. This was, again, another uncomfortable feeling.

"Spitting on *your* mistress, Korra, is unacceptable," Manaria started by saying. She then sighed. She didn't want to be too harsh. She wasn't some evil military dictator. "If you do something that I ask, then we will be even, okay?" The way this conversation was going made Korra even more concerned. What in the world did this woman *even want*? She had little choice in this situation.

"What is it you want Miss..." She paused, then continued, wanting to get some answers. "Manaria? *What* do you want from me? Can't I help you clean up around your mansion?"

Manaria cackled. She had to put Korra in her place. She had to show her who the dominant one was. "That's fine, Korra, but...I want something more than that...I want to *eat you* up." Even Korra could understand the connotations. She knew that much. Her eyes remained defiant. She wouldn't fall this easily. She would resist no matter what... nothing would stop her... right? She hated to lose, and this *wouldn't* be one of those times. She wouldn't let it happen.

At that very moment, Manaria approached her, with a smirk on her face. Korra wanted to wipe that damn expression off her face and gain the upper hand. But she was at a disadvantage. She could summon her Avatar powers. However, with the Dark Avatar still haunting her, would it not exhaust her? And where would she go? As she tried to figure out the answers to these questions, Manaria smiled wildly, then licked her lips, like she was going in for the kill. This wasn't good, *not at all!*

"Don't worry, Korra. I only want to *play* with you. You are so cute in that's maid's uniform...I can't stop myself." In some situations, she would have cut herself off, thinking she went too far, and then recompose herself after pulling back. This time, she didn't do that. Nor did she attempt to apologize for anything she had said. Surely, she wanted to put on the appearance of being lady-like and dignified. Since they were in a bedroom together, by themselves, all those pretenses melted away.

The short-haired platinum-blonde woman would do *more* than train her. She would show her what it meant to be *dominated*. Korra was tired, but aware of what was going on, aware of what was happening to her. "If you give me a *nice* kiss, right here, I'll be sure to let you go for the...time being." This threat did not phase Korra. She didn't want to comply. Manaria was not happy that she kept resisting. She put her hand under Korra's chin, rubbing it smoothly and gently. Her voice was low and seductive. As she coolly flicked her hair, the other woman stared at her, refusing to move. She nudged Korra's face ahead. She would get what she wanted.

"That doesn't suit you, *my* Korra." She went ahead and took what she felt was hers, wanting to seize the lips of this woman, her body, and her loyalty. She would get Korra to be *hers* and no one else's. She pulled Korra's body toward her own. Without much effort at all, she shoved her tongue inside of Korra's mouth. At first, she only brushed the tip of it inside of the other woman's lips, then played with her tongue. Soon, her hold on Korra relaxed. She could have let her go if she wanted.

On some level, Korra wanted to push her aside. She wanted to escape. But the softness of Manaria's lips drew her in. She couldn't even remember the last time someone kissed her so

intensely. Not even Bolin or Mako had ever done this to her. And certainly not Asami, although she had some feelings for her. She felt a little hazy, wondering if Manaria had cast a spell on her, put her under hypnosis or maybe poisoned her in a certain way. There's no way this should feel so good.

In her heart of hearts, she knew *the truth*. She had to admit that she was *enjoying* being treated this way. Without warning, Manaria stopped kissing her and pushed away Korra gently. Her eyes felt lost. The defiance had disappeared for now. The tomboyish princess had won, yet again. Soon her cheeks turned a crimson red and Manaria leaned forward. Her lips came close to her ear, causing Korra to let out a heated breath in response to her closeness. "That's *my Korra*. You are such *a good girl*."

Manaria chuckled heartily. Before she departed, she turned toward Korra. declaring, "that's exactly what I expect to see from *my* property." She followed this up by something that made Korra squirm, as she began to walk out of the room. "Just remember, that *any* disobedience will not be tolerated. Now, begin your duties for the day." Korra scowled and sneered. "Fuck you, lady." Manaria shook her head. "Whatever you say, Korra. Whatever you say."

After Manaria left the room, Korra put her head in her hands. What in the world was happening to her? She couldn't stop thinking about the intense smooch or how this lady was treating her. She began to cry, letting out a heart-wrenching sob, her body shaking with emotion. She wouldn't be broken, not by this lady, or anyone else. She wouldn't be accepting her domination. She wanted to scream or even unleash a devastating storm of bending. But she wouldn't be doing that. She wished there was *someone* there to comfort her. Instead, she was all alone. No one was coming to save her.

She went about her tasks in cleaning parts of the mansion as a maid. She tried to test her elemental powers as slowly began planning her escape. Manaria's laughs kept ringing in her head. She was determined to ensure that she wouldn't be this lady’s plaything. She wouldn’t let that happen. While she could have trained with Manaria, she was afraid it would be yet another opportunity for this woman to mess with her. She couldn't rationalize what was happening to her, or how to respond.

As the day came to an end, she was informed that a bath had been prepared for her. She was told that Manaria treated her servants well. She wasn't sure whether that was true or not. As she relaxed for the day, she let out a sigh. She was relieved. Stepping into the porcelain tub, she took off her clothes and set a towel outside. She closed her eyes and tried to center herself. As a result, she didn’t notice when someone superciliously entered the bathroom and swapped out her clothes. She only noticed when she heard the bathroom door close. Opening up the curtain just enough to see out, but not too much, she could tell that *someone* was there. She didn't know who or why. Without another thought, she wrapped a towel around herself and stepped out of the tub.

She didn't even have a chance to change. A hand grabbed her arm and snatched her clothes. She was able to keep her towel on, but *barely*. She had been caught unaware, without enough time to prepare herself for what would come next. The voice was demanding and harsh. "Change into this outfit right now. It's an order from *your mistress*." She snarled. She didn't

like her privacy *being violated* like this. Even so, she felt she had little choice in the matter. She soon changed into her maid outfit and noticed something. The skirt was shorter than what she remembered. Something was up. This whole situation was incredibly uncomfortable. Manaria's brown eyes met hers. She was fiercely staring at her.

"Follow me, Korra. We have *some work* to do. Come quietly." While Korra walked behind her, she couldn't hold her tongue. She would fight off this woman with all she could, in her own way. "Miss Manaria, where are you taking me?" Manaria shook her head. Pulling Korra inside a room and then closing the door only a few seconds later, she brought Korra close to her. She talked to her in a voice that was almost a whisper, then raising her voice after the door closed. "I told you *not to speak*. Are you disobeying *a direct order* from your mistress?" *Of course* she had disobeyed and on purpose. She couldn't stop herself from doing so. She could have cooperated, followed every single order, and every whim. If she didn't, there would be consequences. Korra was aware. But that didn't stop her.

She decided to change course in the hopes that her punishment would be less severe. Even a kiss would be better than any of the *other things* she could do to her. She was all in. "No, Mistress, I am not. I am very sorry. I will do *whatever* you tell me to do." Manaria cackled yet again. This was going much better than she had expected. Maybe she could finally break her.

"Fine. Korra, kiss me right here and now." This was something that Korra didn't want to do. But she felt like she had to in an effort to assuage her. She knew deep down that there was no appeasing a dominatrix like Manaria. You couldn't win. She leaned forward to kiss Manaria, causing the eyes of the princess to widen, as she breathed through her nose. She let go of Korra's muscular arm, then gently caressed her. She soon moved her other hand to Korra's shoulder, keeping her in place, then pushed her down onto the nearby bed. Breathing out, the kiss emboldened her.

"Remember, Korra, you are mine. I get to do what *I want* with you. And you disobeyed, so you have to be punished." On the one hand, she *wanted to* resist. On the other hand, she felt that if she did, as she had done previously, the discipline could be even worse. She decided to give in. Maybe this was a mistake. She wasn't sure of anything anymore, but she hoped that it would be painless.

Manaria opened Korra's legs and pushed her back. She went between them, while holding the woman's wrists. She took out a white-painted thin leather belt, which she happened to have in her pocket, wrapping Korra's muscular arms together. She then used her other hand, to lift up the hem of Korra's skirt, raising it higher. As the Avatar began heavily breathing, like Manaria, her eyes seemed to be lost. All the while, her blushing and other reactions made it clear that she was enjoying this.

Grinning happily, Manaria soon brushed her fingers under the dark-haired woman's skirt. She whispered. "You are *mine*, all *mine*." Although this wasn't a question, Korra slowly nodded. She followed this up by saying "Good girl. You are doing *so well*." Soon enough, Manaria reached the fabric underneath the skirt, but did not touch it directly. Instead, she ran her fingertips along the left thigh of Korra's leg, leading to a gasp. She repeated the same with the other thigh, while bending forward, with her lips not far away from Korra's face.

A few seconds later, she moved her right hand between her thighs, then touched Korra's underwear. She could feel it was dry. She frowned and prepared to press deeper. This wouldn't last long. Soon thereafter, Korra began moaning. She felt Manaria's fingers prodding her skirt. She became more and more aroused as Manaria kept going. If that wasn't enough, this woman began fondling her supple breasts, part of her ample chest, causing her to moan even louder. She was on cloud nine.

She had never felt this way. Manaria's mind remained a whirlwind of a focused desire specifically on the other woman. She did not want to hurt her. Instead, she wanted to stake her claim over her. Her warm breath kept blowing on Korra's cheek while her fingers circled along the edges of Korra's slit. The pleasure washed over her as their bodies remained in a tight embrace. Not able to think straight, she obeyed one more command. She was told to take off her clothes. She did so, after Manaria undid the leather belt holding her arms up, throwing them onto the ground, with Manaria doing the same.

"Touch me, Korra, *I order you,"* Manaria said in a forceful tone. When Korra looked like she was about to resist, using her elemental powers, the princess began putting her fingers inside the slit. She began to pump her fingers in and out. In such a state, she found herself obligated to obey, to do what she didn't want to do. Perhaps part of her wanted this. She put her fingers inside of Manaria's slit, causing wetness to cover her hands. She couldn't believe she was doing this to herself. *What had she become?*

In no time at all, Korra's pussy was sopping wet, as was Manaria's. She could barely think about what do next. She wasn't hallucinating, but she knew that the other woman was winning. She couldn't even bring herself to cry. Manaria had thoroughly dominated her. This was confusing and infuriating for her to be submissive in this way. Soon, love juices were squirting out of her pussy and onto the woman commanding her. She bucked and writhed. Manaria kept going, demonstrating her raw and insatiable carnal desire. The air was soon heavy with the smells of sweat, slick, and cum. Manaria was physically grinding down the resistance that Korra could make toward her bit by bit. As she continued breathing heavily from this exertion, one thing was clear: Manaria had bested her.

Korra began gasping, attempting to fight off another bout of pleasure, but it was too late. Her cum covered her own pussy and that of her mistress. Manaria's slick soon drenched Korra's thighs. She moved her brown hair out of her eyes. She then teased her, again. "I can't control what I don't understand. And I know *all you want* is to be wanted." Korra couldn't completely disagree with that reasoning. She was a strong woman, without a doubt, who could tear buildings apart, tame tsunamis, and conduct other superhuman feats. Yet, she was here, vulnerable, caught in a trap, at the mercy of this tomboyish princess.

While her eyes longed for something more, one thing was clear: she wanted this. Her pride and defiance be damned. She wasn't being held back by a chi-blocker nor was she chained up. She could have broken free if she had wanted. She did not. She could have physically repelled her. Instead, she leaned into it, hoping that this would be over soon. Manaria looked at the other woman's brown aerolas, rubbing them in soft circles. She then whispered, "Beautiful. So divine." She playfully slapped them, then squeezed them roughly, with goosebumps rippling across her skin. Her senses were awake.

She could have covered up her nipples. As the left hand of her mistress kept moving vigorously into her pussy, she thought otherwise. Manaria rubbed each tit between her thumb and index finger. This woman's perversions made her lose her composure, as another moan filled her throat. "Miss, Manaria, that's enough...*please*," she began to say. Manaria brought herself so close that she cupped the boobs, pushing them together, sucking on both tits at the same time. She buried her face in them as she savored each one. She tugged on them so hard that it caused Korra to yelp.

Licking the tips and flicking the buds back and forth, she grabbed as much as her suckling mouth could handle. She was beginning to have her fill. But she wasn't done yet. This was *only the beginning*. As she stared at Korra's vulnerable body parts, she teased, "Korra has such a perfect pussy." This ashamed her. She had felt objectified this whole time, hating it, but she also *loved* it, on some level. She finally understood. If this was pushed onto her, she could enjoy it without worry. Sure, she would be a subordinate, but that was okay. Even so, she tried to get this to end. "Can you *please* stop?"

Manaria shook her head. She wanted to make Korra cum *again*, no matter what. This time, she'd cause her to fully submit. She could tell that the other woman had a burning desire, and she attempted to coax her compliance. She wanted to be the one in control. "I will, once you call me *mistress*." Korra did not want to do this, no matter what, but Manaria's actions were causing her to lose all focus. She pleaded with Manaria to end what she was doing, as she started to climax. Soon, her back arched, as the pleasure coursed through her body. Her dark skin glistened with sweat, while Manaria cooed her, continuing to excite her. She wanted her to give in, to accept the temptation. Korra wanted to remain strong, holding back her nature to give in, even more than she already had. She had to keep fighting.

As she whimpered, she struggled to focus on what to say. Her words were soon jumbled between either resisting or encouraging. "Yes...yes-No!" she said. Manaria was still ravishing Korra's pussy, using her tongue, causing her to keep falling apart, as her loud moans continued. Manaria teased her yet again. "Go on, Korra, tell me how good this feels, *do it*," as she kept groaning herself. She kept talking this way with the other woman. It was aimed at getting her to win and bring Korra down.

She kept licking her clit, her tongue going up and down, followed by her fingers in a fast rhythm, bringing Korra even more pleasure. Once she kissed the clit and Korra wailed, something inside her snapped. Her toes began to curl and her eyes rolled back. Manaria took her victory while Korra kept panting. Rather than sobbing, she was still enjoying herself, even though she felt that she shouldn't. She was about to be pushed over the edge and subdued. Manaria knew what was next as she deliberately rubbed the sensitive areas of the other woman. This was all part of her plan.

Her actions stimulated something that Korra had been holding deep and tender within herself. It soon spilled out, with her cum spurting everywhere, with Manaria stimulating it even more. She couldn't help herself. Manaria wasn't uncouth enough to lick it up. Instead, she wanted to make Korra feel better and submit to her. As she did all of this, she said, "That's good...*Good girl*." As this teasing went on, her body felt limp, as she saw her cum everywhere. Her liquid desire had come out.

Manaria wasn't done *yet*. She had to do one more thing to make Korra *hers*. Her conviction was gone. She felt utterly defeated. Their bodies soon conjoined. Their pussy lips touched one another, and their clits were massaging one another. It created a satisfying sensation. Soon a guttural moan came from her chest. She did not have an expression of unrest, but rather one of a soft and submissive woman. At that very moment, she uttered words which almost surprised her when they poured out of her mouth, "Mistress, please help me finish...I *only* want to serve you." Manaria had been waiting for thosw words..

Korra was completely at Manaria's mercy. The will to obey this tomboyish princess had taken over her mind. This sexual arousal transcended her inclination to be an independent person. As she kept trembling, Manaria remarked, "Korra, I will do what you desire." She soon came at the same time as Korra as their hips grinded together. Love juices continued to trickle down her legs and those of her mistress.

She couldn't help but moan, as stimulation of her body exploded, sending even more waves of pleasure through her body. As her eyes started to go blank, her consciousness about to fly away, the firm voice of Manaria, grounded her. Getting up from the bed, she stopped and slowly started to put her clothes on. She told Korra to do the same. As she began to leave, she turned to Korra and declared, "don't worry, you will keep getting love and care *from me*." She then added, "as long as you obey *your* mistress." Still shaken by what had happened, Korra didn't know what to say, so she nodded.

As she remained in the room by herself, after Manaria had departed, she was confused with what she had done. Her hair, clothes, and body were *a mess*. She wanted to let off some steam. She didn't even have a chance to do that because another servant arrived only moments later. This one escorted her back to her room.

When she was finally alone in her room, she was aghast at what she had done. Had she become this woman's playtoy? Or did she *really* want this? She didn't know. What she did know is that she had to get out of there, and fast, before it was too late and she *fully* gave herself over to this damn tomboy. What happened next would be up to her as she navigated her way through this sexually charged situation...

End Notes

For this fic, I drew inspiration from pages 12-13, 75, and 103 of "The Legend of Korra Book One: Air: The Art of the Animated Series" (Second Edition), noting that Korra isn't one to back down from a fight, sees herself as a "tough, no-nonsense fighter," and is tough, frustrated, vulnerable, and has sass. Plus, I used information from pages 108 and 138 of that book, plus pages 12, 29, 46-47, 54, 57, 147, and 177 of "The Legend of Korra Book Two: Spirits: The Art of the Animated Series" (Second Edition), pages 109 and 174-177 of "The Legend of Korra Book Three: Change: The Art of the Animated Series" (Second Edition), and pages 12-13, 28, 30, 32-33, 57, 74, 77, and 82 of "The Legend of Korra Book Four: Balance: The Art of the Animated Series" (Second Edition). This fic is loosely inspired by more mature Korra/Kuvira (i.e. Kovira) fics, with elements of sexual domination. At the same time, Manaria is not as sadistic as Kuvira, although she clearly exercises control in similar ways. I'm not sure if I'd write fics like the aforementioned Kovira fics or not. More directly, this fic was inspired chapters 3 and 4 of "Chasing You after You Chased Me", and others such as "If I lost, What Would You Do?", "You forgot your promise, but I didnt", "I keep my feet on the ground (because otherwise I'll end up floating in space)", Terms", and "mouths wide enough to swallow the world". After publishing this fic, I decided to put it through the Hemingway Editor, which I believe fixed any errors/issues in the original text.

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